

DO NOT WORRY.
15 CENTS A LINE.
WORLD "WANTS" WILL GET YOU
HELP
NO EXTRA CHARGE ON SUNDAY
MONDAYS AND SATURDAYS 10c. A LINE.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK.

DIVES CLOSING UP

Stevenson, Kelly and McCormick Realize Their Peril.

Scribner, of "The Pickwick," the Latest to Weaken.

The Notorious Excise Exchange Still in Full Blast.

Carey Welch's "Hole in the Wall" and Jim Sullivan's Hotel Also Doing Business.

NEW YORK'S OUTLAWS.

[A Table Subject to Daily Change.]
BILLY McLELLAND.....In the Tomb.
TOM GOULD.....In Temporary Retirement.
FRANK STEVENSON.....In Hiding.
JIM MCCORMICK.....Dive Annex Closed.
"HONEST" JOHN KELLY.....Dive Annex Closed.
CAREY WELCH.....In Full Blast.
JIM SULLIVAN.....In Full Blast.
THE LIVINGSTONS.....In Full Blast.
PICKWICK SCRIBNER.....Running on Half Time.
Another diver, the fourth during the week, has lately admitted the righteousness of the EVANING WORLD'S crusade against the outlaws of New York and the truthfulness of its descriptions of the orgies for which their dens have become notorious by closing his resort during certain hours of the night, and by "coming down" the performances, impromptu and otherwise, that have long been features of the place.
This man is proprietor Scribner, of "The Pickwick." The change has been wrought

else regulations with regard to his barroom.
Jim McCormick, whose dive is almost next door to Kelly's, seemed to profit by "Honest" John's embarrassment. He did for one night, and then the light was turned upon his resort. He has since found it expedient to follow Mr. Kelly's lead in closing the assignation rooms back of his saloon.
Frank Stevenson was the third outlaw to realize his danger. His sink of iniquity on Blooming street, which was a place of even worse character than McCormick's or Kelly's, and when the search-light was turned in his direction fear overcame anger and he left the city. He is still in hiding. Last night "The Slide" was shut tight.
Mr. Carey Welch, proprietor of "The Hole in the Wall," Mr. Jim Sullivan, proprietor of Farley's Hotel, the Livingston brothers, pro-

After the song came a dance, then a selection on the piano and violin. Some of the women became drunk, and a party of them then entered into a high-kicking contest, using their companions' hats as targets.
"Go it,"
"Higher,"
"That's the stuff,"
"Don't be afraid."
The creatures were urged on by remarks like these until they sank exhausted on the floor. Then they were dragged to one side and left to themselves to sober up.
SIMILAR SCENES IN JIM SULLIVAN'S.
Similar scenes could be witnessed in "Jim" Sullivan's assignation annex last night. Miss Daly and Miss Fries were not barred from



Interior of "THE EXCISE."
Mr. Welch's former partner's den. They were there, the star guests of the evening.
Another infamous den which was open last night was the Excise Exchange, 336 Bowers, which is a duplicate in infamy of Mr. Frank Stevenson's Slide. The same class of abandoned and depraved beings frequent it.
DAVIS IS A DUMPY BOSS.
The license of the place is in the name of one Davis, who is also the manager. Not and will Livingston are the real financial backers of the place, and to the initiated they are known as its proprietors.
Like Stevenson, the Livingstons have made money enough out of their traffic of vice and sin to spread their iniquity, and they are said to be the owners of a new dive just opened on the Bowery, which is managed by a man named Stokes. The latter was formerly associated with Davis in the management of the Excise Exchange.

THE EXCISE DIVE WIDE OPEN.

Scenes Enacted at the Infamous "Slide" Are Duplicated Here.
Mr. Carey Welch, proprietor of "The Hole in the Wall," at 117 Fourth avenue, was highly elated last night at what he characterized to term a vindication of the character



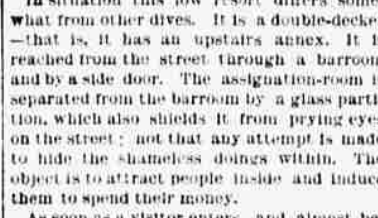
OUTSIDE OF "THE EXCISE."
In situation this low resort differs somewhat from other dives. It is a double-decker—that is, it has an upstairs annex. It is reached from the street through a barroom and by a side door. The assignation room is separated from the barroom by a glass partition, which also shields it from prying eyes on the street; but that any attempt is made to have the chances done within the object is to attract people inside and induce them to spend their money.
As soon as a visitor enters, and almost before he is seated, a waiter in shirt sleeves strides up to him and asks: "Well, old man, as the case may be or as fancy may dictate, a young fellow, which is going to be?"
"Draw one," the waiter shouts with all his might to the barkeeper. And similar cries, mingling with the banging of the piano, the twanging of a banjo, the rithal songs, and the loud talk and laughter of the people at the tables make of the place a bedlam.
The manager, who is behind the cashier's desk and is kept busy making change for a half dozen waiters. Still, he has time to look up now and then to greet some dissolute woman just arrived.
MALES WHO BLEACH THEIR HAIR.
The "attractions" at the Excise Exchange are not the women, but the men who frequent it. They imitate the dress and manners of women—paint their faces and eyebrows, bleach their hair, wear bracelets and address each other by female names.
Every table and chair was occupied last night. Downstairs visitors were entertained by music on the piano, and upstairs by even standing room obtainable to witness the disgusting scenes taking place there.
The upper and lower floors are connected by a private stairway leading from the barroom, and this was constantly crowded with men eagerly waiting to get upstairs.
The floor is covered with a fine velvet carpet, and the walls are richly decorated. The popular drink in this part of the house is champagne, while downstairs, where beer is the common drink, the floor is bare and very dirty, and obscene pictures instead of costly decorations cover the wall.
While business is always rushing at the Excise Exchange, at present its volume has been increased on account of the closing of Mr. Frank Stevenson's "Slide."
The performances which made "The Slide" one of the most notorious of the immoral dens of the city are duplicated here. The place is frequented by the same painted, abandoned men and women, the surroundings are the same and the conversation quite as low and vulgar.
The proprietors know that they are running a dive in every respect as bad as Stevenson's, and they respect it. They have no scruples to the proprietors, but such action would not be complete without an account of the doings in their den.
So, for the sake of appearances, they closed early last night, or rather, at 1 o'clock this morning.
EVEN THIS DIVE MAY BE CLOSED TO-NIGHT.
Business in the Excise Exchange does not begin usually until midnight, and this early closing movement means a big difference to the patrons. The dive is closed, and action was expected by the habitués, who had read of "The Excise" being determined to close, and who knew that the dive would not be opened at all to-night.



Not by moral suasion, but by a wholesome fear of the law he and the other outlaws had no long waited with impunity. And this fear THE EVANING WORLD inspired.



Proprietor Scribner closed his resort before 12 o'clock last night, and the habitués were hustled out to find shelter elsewhere. This action followed close after that taken by "Honest" John Kelly.
When THE EVANING WORLD'S search-light was turned upon Mr. Kelly's triplicate den at Sixth avenue and Thirty-first street he promptly realized his danger and closed his assignation annex and gambling hall altogether, and has since conformed to the ex-



COCKRAN FOR SENATOR.
A Rumored Deal to Place Him in Frank Hisecock's Seat.
A story was circulated about City Hall today to the effect that Tammany Hall will make any great demand for State patronage this year, allowing the County Democrats the lion's share.
The reason, as the story goes, is found in a demand which Tammany Hall has made the United States Senator to succeed Frank Hisecock next year, and that its chief has already fallen on congressman W. Bourke Cockran.
Concerning this story Commissioner Gifford, Chairman of Tammany's Committee of Twenty-four, said that Mr. Cockran has been a class Senatorial Under in him, but that so far as he is concerned he has no knowledge that any arrangement has been made to send him to the United States Senate.

THE ROBERTS-VIVIAN WEDDING

Ceremony at Calvary Church This Afternoon at Three.

New York's Richest Widow a Tall English Colonel's Bride.

Society circles are in a flutter today over the wedding of Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, New York's richest widow, to Col. Ralph Vivian, an English army officer.



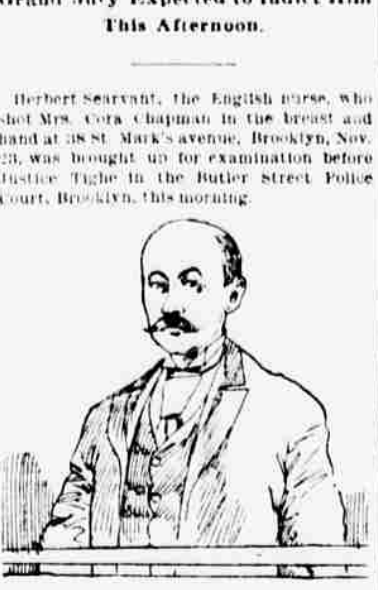
The ceremony is arranged to take place at 3 o'clock this afternoon in Calvary church, Twenty-first street and Fourth avenue. Mrs. Roberts will be driven from her house, 101 Fifth avenue, to the church, and will be accompanied by Col. Vivian, who will take carriage from the Grosvenor House, which has been his home since he arrived in New York.
Rev. Dr. Henry V. Satterlee will perform the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Dr. Endicot Peabody. There are no bridesmaids.
The bride's costume is a massive velvet gown, trimmed with Venetian lace; no train or veil. The bonnet trimmings match the gown.
A reception follows the ceremony at the Roberts mansion, 101 Fifth avenue.
Calvary Church was elaborately decorated by Hodgson for the nuptials. At each end of the altar were masses of tropical palms, which continued around the sides of the church. Immediately in front of the chancel were three large arches of green, trimmed with Lady Watville and Miss Cousin roses. From the centre of each arch sprays of American Beauty roses drooped.
The altar was mainly visible through the arches, on the centre of it was a mound of lilies of the valley, flanked by two garden vases filled with white lilies. At either side of the altar and near the palms were two pyramids of bride's roses and lilies of the valley.
From the centre of the dome of the chancel eight heavy strands of laurel hung gracefully, caught to the end of each side, thus forming a canopy over the bridal party. All the pillars in the church were also entwined with laurel.
There was no attempt made at decorating the bride's house, 101 Fifth avenue, for the reception. Long-extended American Beauty roses in large vases were seen in the drawing-room, and large tropical palms in the halls and conservatory.
The bridegroom and best man will wear boutonnieres of purple violets. The ushers will wear lilies of the valley.
The bride will carry a prayer-book of special value.
No matrimonial alliance in recent years has attracted more widespread attention. Mrs. Roberts has for the past twelve years been one of the most splendid entertainers in town. She is personally a very charming woman.
Col. Vivian is an officer on the reserve list in the English army and a member of the Scots Guards. He is six feet three inches in height, has a broad face and dresses in the ultra fashion of the day.
Although a widow and the mother of a son, thirteen years old, Mrs. Roberts is still young. Her birthday is about fifty years old.
Col. Vivian served in the Egyptian campaign, and was with General Buller at the battle of Tloko. He was in the fall of 1878, when he was accompanied by a German General, Lord Roberts, who was then in command of the British forces in the Transvaal. Col. Vivian's introduction from the Rothschilds and other families of importance.
The Colonel is a member of several fashionable clubs in London, and is frequently included in the parties invited to Sandringham and other houses of the Prince and Princess of Wales. When his engagement to Mrs. Roberts was announced, the Duke of Richmond at Gordon House, and was about to be married to the Duke's daughter. His mother and sister are living in England.
Mrs. Roberts's position in New York society is as high as Col. Vivian's. She is well known and is very favorably received abroad. There has been much conjecture as to the real amount of her wealth and just what she would bring to the lucky Colonel.
She was a poor young woman when she married Marshall O. Roberts, fell in love with her on a trip across the Atlantic. After his death, she was left with a fortune of \$400,000, and she was generously provided for, but that provision was only to last while she lived. If Mrs. Roberts, as Col. Vivian, as she is now called, dies before the Colonel, he will not get a penny of old Marshall O. Roberts's principal.
Mrs. Roberts's will, which was made in 1878, provided that his life should have the use and enjoyment during life of the two houses, 101 and 103 Fifth avenue, with the stable on East Eighteenth street, and all the household furniture and plate, together with the horses and carriages.
The executor was also directed to set aside enough property to enable Mrs. Roberts to live in comfort, and to pay her \$50,000 a year. The balance of the property was to be divided among the surviving children of Mrs. Roberts.
The birth of a son after the will was made caused a considerable change in the will. The son, Marshall O. Roberts, now about thirteen years old, will have an income of \$50,000 a year until his twentieth year when the amount will be doubled. At his mother's death he will inherit the bulk of the fortune.
What is the amount of the income which Mrs. Roberts receives from rents above her \$400,000 a year? It is impossible to say, and no one knows what she has saved. Her jewels are especially magnificent.
Col. Henry Stracy, Col. Vivian's best man at the wedding, is a commander in the Scots Guards.
Col. Vivian's friends who came to New York to attend the wedding, have been enjoying the Duke of Devonshire, and is now the usher of the Privy Chamber to Queen Victoria.

MRS. CHAPMAN'S TALE

She Tells in Court How Nurse Searvant Shot Her.

He Pleads Not Guilty, and Is Remanded to Jail.

Grand Jury Expected to Indict Him This Afternoon.



Herbert Searvant, the English nurse, who shot Mrs. Chapman in the breast and hand at 38 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, Nov. 23, was brought up for examination before Justice Tilden in the Butler Street Police Court, Brooklyn, this morning.
She told in court how Nurse Searvant shot her. She came down from her home in a carriage with Mrs. Chapman, who was long and thin, and was looking warm and comfortable.
When the case was called, Searvant stood in front of the bar beside his lawyer, J. Gratton McMahon. Mrs. Chapman was asked to swear a complaint charging the prisoner with assault in the first degree. She replied that she would and made the following statement:
"Nov. 23 last, about 9:30 a. m., I was lying in bed in the back room, third floor. My little dog scratched at my bedroom door to get out. I got out of bed, opened the door and let the dog out in the hall.
"I then went to bed again, leaving the bedroom door open so that my dog could get in when he came back. Meanwhile I went to sleep.
"While sleeping, a nurse in the employ of my husband, by the name of Herbert Searvant, came into my room. He came to the bed where I was sleeping, and placed his arm under my head and I felt something on my forehead.
"I awoke and sat up in bed, when I discovered that it was Searvant. He sat on the edge of the bed beside me.
"I said to him: 'Leave the room immediately. How dare you come into my room?'
"He said to me: 'Don't be afraid, Mrs. Chapman.'
"I then took advantage of me, I being unprotected, having only a helpless husband in the house. He then put his hand to his hip pocket. I said: 'How dare you make a fool of me? You are more of a coward than ever.'
"He became very angry and said: 'I will show you whether I am a coward or not.'
"He then rushed out of the room and downstairs, but came back in an instant and came over to the bed where I was and sat down on the edge of the bed at the foot.
"He pointed a revolver that he had in his hands at my face. I put up my right hand and a bullet from the revolver went into my right hand. He then pointed the revolver at my breast and fired, the ball entering my body below the heart.
"He then rushed out of the room and downstairs, and that was the last I saw of him. I sat up in bed a few moments, and then went to the rear room on the same floor and rang the messenger call for an ambulance, and then went downstairs and opened the front door.
"I went upstairs again to the third floor and then came down to the second floor, where I found the ambulance surgeon and an officer.
"They put me on a stretcher and carried me to the Seamen's Hospital."
The complaint was read to Searvant.
"The prisoner pleads not guilty," said Lawyer McMahon, "and waives examination to get before the Grand Jury. I also reserve the right to cross-examine Mrs. Chapman on the statement she now makes in court."
Justice Tilden remanded Searvant back to jail and Mrs. Chapman re-entered her carriage and drove to the Grosvenor House. She visited District Attorney Higginway and was taken to the Grand Jury, to whom she repeated her story. Several statements made by the police were read and Mrs. Chapman left for home.
The Grand Jury will consider the case this afternoon, and will probably find an indictment against Searvant in the court of sessions to-morrow morning.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Programme to Be Run Off at the Hilltop Track To-Day.

The Track Will Be in Fair Condition for the Events.

The card to be run off at Hilltop today is the same as advertised yesterday, but which was postponed because of the storm. The track will probably be in very fair condition, as a large force of men worked on it all day yesterday.

The best race of the day will, no doubt, be the fourth with Prince Howard, Mabel, Tioga, Xenophon, Marie Lovell and others named to go.

The entries in the various other events are as follows:

First Race—Purse \$400 for beaten horses, all ages, all conditions.	25
Blackwood.....107	26
Countess.....102	27
Countess.....102	28
Countess.....102	29
Countess.....102	30
Countess.....102	31
Countess.....102	32
Countess.....102	33
Countess.....102	34
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Countess.....102	39
Countess.....102	40
Countess.....102	41
Countess.....102	42
Countess.....102	43
Countess.....102	44
Countess.....102	45
Countess.....102	46
Countess.....102	47
Countess.....102	48
Countess.....102	49
Countess.....102	50

The opening event may be won by Blackwood, who has shown considerable speed in his recent races.

Barley will fill the place position and Tioga II. may be third.

Second Race—Purse \$400 for beaten horses, all ages, all conditions.

Countess.....102

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GARZA'S MEN BEATEN AGAIN.

Two of Them Vainly Sought to Escape Over the River.

News of the Rebel Leader's Capture Hourly Expected.

The fight took place on the bank of the river, and two of the bandits jumped into the water to make their escape. One of them was shot and the other taken prisoner by the Mexican troops, who had moved along the river front on the Mexican side in conjunction with the United States forces.

A later telegram from Gen. Reyes says that a report had reached his headquarters that a detachment of American cavalry, escorting a lot of captured Garza men to Brownsville, had been attacked by a company of Garza's men below Edinburg and their prisoners rescued.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Jan. 7.—One of the clerks at government headquarters says:

"The capture of Garza is regarded as a question of but a few hours, and while officers are guarding the secret very closely he has been located positively at a ranch eighteen miles from San Diego, and a force sufficient to insure his capture is now after him."

"I expect to hear to-morrow that he has either been captured or slain. Probably the latter as he has boasted he would never be taken alive. I believe the capture or execution of the revolution, if it can be so called, will come to a sudden termination."

Fourth Race—Purse \$400, selling allowance.

Countess.....102

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EXTRA.

2 O'CLOCK.

BLAINE'S SICKNESS.

Denial that It Is in the Least of Apoplectic Nature.

But It May Necessitate His Absence from Washington.

The Secretary Hopes, However, to Return to Duty To-Morrow.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVANING WORLD.]
WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The physicians in attendance on Mr. Blaine deny absolutely that his symptoms on yesterday were in any degree apoplectic, as announced in a New York paper.

The attack, however, whatever it was, was severe, and the Secretary is again unable to attend to business.

It is resting well this morning. It is not unlikely that he may be obliged to leave Washington as soon as he is able to travel, and seek a warmer climate and the benefits of a release from the cares of office.

The greatest concern prevails here as to his condition.

Mr. Blaine Sends Word That He'll Be Out To-Morrow.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]
WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—It was stated by Mr. Blaine's private secretary this morning that the Secretary was feeling all right, but would remain at home to-day for rest.

The Secretary sent down word that he expected to be able to go to the Department to-morrow.

Republicans Planning to Turn Down the Tioga Leader.

Disgruntled sailors on the waterlogged and storm-tossed Republican ship are casting about for ways and means to dispose of "Jonah" Thomas C. Platt. Their recent misfortunes in this State are all laid at Platt's door, and he is being urged to resign. It is expected that he will be able to resign to-morrow that he has either been captured or slain. Probably the latter as he has boasted he would never be taken alive. I believe the capture or execution of the revolution, if it can be so called, will come to a sudden termination.

Fourth Race—Purse \$400, selling allowance.

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